

# The BROAD AX

HEW TO THE LINE.

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## The Colored Organ For Benjamin R. Tillman In Chicago Is On The War Path

Mrs. Adele S. Keeler, Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley and Others Completely Pulled the Wool Over the Eyes of Mrs. F. L. Barnett, Doctors George C. Hall, Chas. E. Bentley, Pretty Little Bob Taylor and the other Pre-eminent Leaders of the Race In This City.

By the aid of the daily sensational newspapers the Colored people of Chicago are just passing through a warm tilt with some of their white neighbors and friends who on account of his reputation for billingsgate and blackguard, as a public lecturer, as the drawing card features of his talks, had invited Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina to come to Chicago and speak for a hospital benefit entertainment. Tillman's well known habit of using such occasions to make wholesale onslaughts on the Negro and thereby stirring up a feeling of hatred and distrust between the two races, where otherwise they were getting on peaceably together as neighbors naturally enough caused apprehension among the Colored people and they properly enough protested against his speaking in Chicago on "the race question," and the good ladies who were back of his proposed lecture here, and who are all, so far as we know, friendly to the Colored people, informed the Senator that it would be distasteful to them and hurtful to their neighbors, the Colored people of Chicago, for him to speak on the question of the races, and impudently to select another and less objectionable subject. Tillman, to the surprise of many, acceded and sent in for his topic, "The Annexation of Cuba." The friendly white ladies, feeling that they had triumphed on behalf of the Colored neighbors and thinking that the Negroes would be elated over their victory for the race were at pains to inform the Colored people of what they had done and advised them to have no fears that the South Carolina blackguard would insult them, as they had his word for it that he would not allude to them in his talk. This seemed to give general satisfaction and the matter was dropped, as we thought, till after Tillman had demonstrated by his lecture whether he made his promise in good faith. We felt then, as we do now, that no interference on the part of the Negroes should have been offered to these ladies, as they certainly acted in good faith with us, until after the lecture was delivered. While not loving Tillman and having no respect for him, we felt that we owed this much to the refined ladies who openly protested that they had no intention of inviting the Senator here, because he opposed the Negro, and who ran the risk of losing the lecture altogether by asking him to change from his favorite subject. To us it seems unfortunate, when our relations to these pious, unselfish ladies in this matter is considered, that the alarm was raised at the time it was, and a large number of our best people aroused to that pitch which forced them to declare, in action at least, that they did not believe these ladies acted in good faith when they guaranteed that

Tillman should not blackguard us. Whether by this blunder we have unwittingly alienated some of our best friends and sympathizers remains to be seen, but if we have not the remaining of the ladies as our friends will hardly be complimentary to our judgment and ability to trust true friends. Nobody who knows the Conservator will take this to mean that we are not in the fullest sympathy with every effort put forth by our brave race loving people to protect the interest of the race or that we wish to rebuke the good people, who, without considering what these good women had done and promised, publicly upbraided them for allowing Tillman to speak. We are proud of all such people and would the race had more of them; but, on the sober second thought, they all will agree with the Conservator that after these ladies had faithfully agreed to see to it that Tillman would not speak on the race question on his promise not to do so, unless we had other evidence that he would not keep his promises, we should have trusted them to carry out their pledge without our interference. This is right and reasonable, as we all felt that these good women meant no insult to our race. One of the leaders among these ladies in order to assure us that Tillman should not offer any insult to our race in that lecture sent us word that she would be present at the lecture and if at any stage of his talk Mr. Tillman spoke in a bad way of the Colored race she would rise in her seat then and there and demand that he stop it. These things were known to us all who, at the time it was announced Tillman would speak on "the race question," urged these good women not to allow it, and it is rather unfortunate that we so soon forgot them and allowed ourselves to be frightened into interfering in a matter which had been settled as we had ordered it. We have thousands of good sympathetic, whole-souled white friends in Chicago and among them many of the Christian women interested in Senator Tillman's visit here, and they are far too valuable to us these trying times for us to ignore or cast aside under the influence of a thoughtless alarmist who has often said worse things of the best Colored people of Chicago—including our preachers and good women—than Tillman would dare say to our white friends.—The Conservator November 24th 1906.

The latter part of September or early in October it was publicly announced that Benjamin R. Tillman, the South Carolina anarchist, was to follow on the heels of "The Clansman" and deliver one of his old time lectures in this city, November 27th, on the "Race" or the so-called "Negro Problem," for the benefit of the Chicago Union Hospital.



EX-ALDERMAN JOHN H. JONES.

Popular citizen, who has many warm friends among all the voters residing in all sections of this city, who are urging him to enter the race for Mayor of Chicago in the Spring of 1907.

Shortly after that announcement appeared in the public press, it seems that Mrs. F. L. Barnett, Doctors Geo. C. Hall, Charles E. Bentley, pretty little Bob Taylor, who would like to be white, if he could, and other pre-eminent leaders of the race in this city, implored Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley who seems to boss or lord it over all the Colored men and women who spend much of their time in hanging around the Frederick Douglass Center, to write a letter to Mrs. Keeler, or to Dr. E. E. Vaughan president of the Hospital in question protesting against permitting Senator Tillman speaking on his "Negro Problem" in this city at this time.

In time Mrs. Woolley's letter found its way into the columns of the Conservator and Mrs. Keeler, in the course of time also declared through the columns of the public press that "Senator Tillman had kindly consented to change his subject from the 'Negro Question,' to 'The Annexation of Cuba' and at this announcement there was great rejoicing on the part of Doctors Bentley, Hall and their followers over the great victory which they had won, for it was given out that if "Senator Tillman, even attempted to say anything in his lecture against the Colored people that Mrs. Keeler, Miss McDowell, and the other ladies of sweet charity, would spring to their feet and close his foul mouth before he had time to say to "Hell with the Law."

Under such happy conditions as these Mrs. Woolley, was hailed as the new Goddess of liberty, and justice, and Dr. Bentley and our other eminent leaders resumed their dreaming. But our country head being extremely thick we could not see for the life of us how Senator Tillman, or any one else could lecture on Cuba, without dragging in the Negro, and time has proven that we were right in our contention in this respect, for among the first words uttered by Senator Tillman in his wild routings in Orchestra Hall, Tuesday evening November 27th, was that "he had not been requested to change his subject from the Negro Problem" to "The Annexation of Cuba" until Saturday evening November 24, which was just three days or nights before he appeared on the platform in Orchestra Hall. He also emphatically declared, that "there was no difference between the two lectures that it would be impossible for him to speak on Cuba, without whacking the Negro over the head."

Therefore it is self evident that for some cause or other Mrs. Woolley,

Mrs. Keeler or some of the dear sweet ladies of charity lied to Doctors Bentley, Hall, Col. D. R. Wilkins, pretty little Bob Taylor and their followers, much faster than the boss devil can run.

THE AFRO-AMERICANS RESIDING IN SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AND ASHBURY PARK, N. J., ROUTED REV. THOMAS DIXON AND HIS "CLANS-MAN."

"The Clansman" Rev. Thomas Dixon's new play which is doing so much to stir up strife between the races in this country, was booked to play in Springfield, Mass., beginning Dec. 12, but the Colored people residing in that city, under the leadership of the ministers, and the Colored women composing the Laurel Literary Society, strongly protested to Mayor Dickinson, against permitting "The Clansman" from showing in that city, and after consulting with a few of his white friends, and after reading the book Mayor Dickinson ordered the play suppressed.

At the same time declaring, "So far as I could find out "The Clansman" is an insult to the Colored race and I don't see how its production here could do any good."

Last week "The Clansman" was to have shown in Asbury Park, N. J., but the Colored citizens residing in that beautiful little city, assembled in a mass meeting, declaring themselves against that infamous play, and calling on the Mayor in a set of radical resolutions to choke it off, and the Mayor assured his Colored fellow citizens that as "long as he was at the head of affairs in that city "The Clansman" would never be permitted to show in it."

The resolutions set forth the fact that the "Clansman" engendered ill-feeling between the races and held the Colored race up to scorn. The committee consisted of Rev. J. P. Sampson, Andrew Robinson, R. S. Cottene, Frank H. Killey, Rev. J. D. Mead.

The actions of the Colored people residing in those two cities and in other sections of the East, in relation to Rev. Thomas Dixon and his "Clansman," should cause Dr. Charles E. Bentley, Major Allen A. Wesley, pretty little Bob Taylor, Dr. George C. Hall, Col. D. R. Wilkins, Col. Edward H. Morris and their followers to blush with shame for permitting themselves to be lulled into the belief by Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley that nothing could be done to prevent "The Clansman" from showing in Chicago.

## Benjamin Banneker

The Negro Astronomer and Mathematician, Author of One of the First Almanacs In America.

AN INTERESTING STORY WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE BROAD AX, BY COL. CLARKE IRVINE OREGON, MO.

### CHAPTER FIVE.

Readers may recall to mind that the mother of Ben was a very nervous anxious and inquisitive person, not at all quick of apprehension. This latter characteristic may have resulted from her "previous condition," not for stupidity; and it often seemed comical or rather so to speak placed her in a comical light.

The father of Ben, or Ben or as we may announce him, owned a small cottage residence in the suburbs. There had been a question about the marriage of a daughter, the only other child and some years younger than our Ben, a bright girl and much loved by her brother, to the son of a neighbor, old Quinet an immigrant from Hayti. This old Quinet was rather well to do in the world in comparison with most of the other of the Colored people of the city. He could also read and write; was vain of these acquisitions and never lost a chance to let people know it. He preferred to give his views and opinions to his fellow creatures by word of pen instead of by word of mouth. He had sent a messenger with a note to "Signor Ben de Banneker" giving his views as to the prospective marriage of de signorita Miss Susana Ben de Banneker to his son, and heir signor Tom de Quinet. He never failed to use the "de" on the proper names of his correspondents; because he had some dim, foggy notion that it was a kind of title of honor. He had been known to prefix it to the given or baptismal name as "Mr de bill Smith," for example.

The letter in question was as follows.

But we must introduce it by referring again to the comical jealousy shown by the mother of Ben over the intimacy and good understanding between him and his father.

"What is it?" she exclaimed. "Where does it come from? Who wrote it? Tell me—O be quick."

"No harm mother—don't be scared at every little thing. It is only about sister" said Ben.

"O! so much the better, I do hope," replied she. "It is so strange! A letter always does make on me an effect I can't tell what."

"Everything has that effect on you, my poor woman," said Ben, so putting his hand on her shoulder in a friendly way.

"Come, read us that, Ben?" said his mother, "for after that I want to have a talk with you."

"And I before he reads it" said the Elder to his wife "you remember, my woman, about our little wars we had with each other when I sent the boy to school to learn how to read and write? Do you mind it, hey?" "O! about little wars Ben, Banneker! I remember? I believe we always had the little wars as you call 'em, and I think we always will have them," she replied. "We started from that time old gal, I tell you," "Ben Banneker I tell you when it was! It was on one Sunday of a cold winter in, on the day of the birth of this dear child in a year of seventeen hundred, and I think I ought to know that anyhow."

"O! the dev—that is not the question. Do you think I wanted to make him go to school as soon as he was born?"

"Well! Well!—don't get mad, and sware Ben Banneker before our child," said she in a coaxing way.

"Well, well too say I, you will put me in the wrong. But no matter—there, there old mother, You was indeed very sick; doctor said languish. The baby was dying and you would nurse it yourself. That was not the way to strengthen either of you. I held out for to put him with a great stout nurse in the country. Both of you improved. O! you did so especially your good old fat face in the glass and say if I am wrong."

"No! No! This time you was right, but the others—" "See now how you chatter! When our Ben was only 6 years old and I would send him to school to learn to read and write what did you say then?"

"I said that he had no need and I say yet the same—as I can not read, nor can you yourself Ben Banneker, no more than can my mother nor could yours, nor could our fathers, and yet we have all of us lived well till now" "very good! Let it be so, as I have told you. Here is this letter to me about our own business I believe. If our Ben can not read let us go to some neighbor to have him read it. Come now, let us go to Sally Rush, she can read, or, as you don't like her, we will go to a Justice of Peace. Come on." Old Ben started up and he began to pull at her dress, crying—"come on none of us can read this letter—may be in place of ordering for me a good job of work it has some slander of our girl. Let us go and have it read before the neighbors and they can go chattering and shaking their heads all over town. Don't you see or won't you see."

"Yes, yes, Ben, you are right," she submitted.

"Well then read the letter, be it of good or bad news," said the father with no little anxiety showing in his manner. Young Ben began:

"From the Signor De Quinet, Land Lord and Merchant, to his good friend the Signor Ben de Banneker "began young Ben to read.

"But I say Ben—who is this deban- nicker?" Exclaims the mother.

"Hist, be quiet. It may be by morning we can find out if not now—Hush up, or we can never get at it."

"At what?"

"I tell you to listen—not a word more. Read on. "My very good friend! Your daughter Signorita de Banneker is a most excellent young lady." "He had better not speak bad of our girl!" muttered Mrs. B.

"Now again! For Gods sake let the boy finish."

Young Ben continued to read on. "Your daughter is a mighty good girl. Instead I don't know a better one. She is wise and careful and saving. My son has noticed this like every one that knows here—as I myself believe her to be. He is determined to espouse her."

"To espouse! what? The villain! Ben Banneker if you stand this, I will not." Let me—

"For gods sake woman, are you crazy? Ha, ha, ha—I see now how it is. It proves again that it is best not to be able to read or write. But the

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